groom's families is a kind of economic trade. Ordinarily relatives and friends also exchange gifts during each other's visits. This custom helps to adjust the distribution of products and handicrafts in the society. During the inspection team's stay at Liang Shan, except for a few poor white Lolo families who asked for silver in exchange for food, the majority of Lolo families all voluntarily prepared food for us by killing oxen, sheep, chickens, and pigs, or by boiling corn and potatoes, the kind of entertainment given us varying with the economic situation of each family. The inspection team usually estimated the amount of expenses incurred by the host and then gave him in return such gift articles as cloth, salt, scissors, mirrors, needles, and thread.

The distribution of wealth and goods among the Lolo was originally based on the principle of entertaining strangers and exchanging gifts. Since their contact with the Han-Chinese, however, a trade system has gradually developed. The medium of exchange is silver, measured by the ounce or in ingots. This traditional Han-Chinese system has now penetrated deeply into the Lolo community and is used consistently. Lolo currency is quite influential in the border area. Silver coins are still widely circulated in P'ing-shan and P'ing-i Ch'ang east of the Lolo territory.

The Lolo go to Han-Chinese cities or towns to buy commodities, the main items being salt, wine, cloth, and other articles of daily use. Lei-po, P'ing-pien, and Hsi-ning are all important trading towns for the Han-Chinese and the Lolo, who continuously [68] visit this area. The twelve En-cha branches use Ma-pien and Hsi-ning as their trading centers, while the A-lo, A-cho, and the nine Sinicized Lolo families trade mostly in Lei-po.

The Lolo territory being beyond the control of the county government in border areas, the Lolo have been engaged in opium planting in recent years. The opium is exported and sold in the Han-Chinese territory with enormous profits. Therefore the Lolo's economic conditions are above those of the average Han-Chinese. The Lolo use the revenue from opium to trade for guns and silver in the Han-Chinese territory. In the early years of the Republic, when Yang Ch'un-fang's troops were stationed at Lei-po, they sold guns to the Lolo for a huge profit. Since then arms have flowed continuously into Liang Shan with the result that today nearly every Lolo household has a gun. As the circulation of silver money is prohibited by the government in the Han-Chinese territory, the ruffians there are engaged in the lucrative

628 If the clan feud becomes enlarged in scope and two or more clans are united in an effort to resist the common enemy, then the able-bodied fighters of the different clans would assemble and together perform a ceremony to seal the alliance. They would kill chickens and animals, toast each other with wine mixed with blood, and swear to attack the enemy and help each other to the last man.

628 At the end of the Ch'ing dynasty and the beginning of the Republic period, when guns were not yet brought to Liang Shan, weapons for Lolo warfare consisted of bows and arrows, poles and sticks, leather shields, long knives, stone pellets, and others. Fighting with these arms had to be done at close quarters, [86] and so it was called hsieh-tou [armed fight]. During the fight, the participants had to wear full regalia to the field to display their military pomp. Their heads were wrapped in a turban propped up like a "hero's knot." They wore silk garments ornamented with gold. Even the horses were fitted with golden saddles and silver stirrups. All these were intended to demonstrate their wealth and power to overawe the enemy.

726 This kind of armed fighting, however, exists in name only, since the Lolo are now accustomed to using shotguns for hitting targets beyond 100 paces. Also the fighting between clan enemies no longer requires the display of finery; instead, they have adopted the strategy of swift surprise attack, like a clap of thunder too sudden for one to cover his ears. It merely indicates that the introduction of modern technology has changed their old strategy and created a new pattern of fighting.

562 During the old days of armed fighting, some black Lolo woman would come to the field of battle in gay dresses and, standing between the opposing camps, would urge the two sides to stop fighting and talk peace. This woman was usually related to both clans — for example, her maternal [sic] clan on the one side and her conjugal clan on the other. According to Lolo tradition the appearance of a woman on the field would have obligated both sides to stop fighting, but if they insisted on continuing the feud, then the woman would strip herself naked by taking off her skirt and then commit suicide because of the shame. When such things happened, more kin branches and clans might become involved, the scope of the feud be enlarged, and eventually the fighting reach a stage beyond anybody's control. The importing of shotguns has changed the manner of fighting while the custom of a woman's standing between the opposing camps has all but disappeared. During his stay in

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for long wished to meet and conquer this much-talked-of Hill of Slippery Sand."

A few miles beyond this dangerous spot we came to the "Plain of the Great Well," where is a small market town frequented by the men from the hills on the other side of the river. We stayed there a couple of days, and as one of these was market day we saw quite a number of the men the fear of whom has been the cause of building all the white towers. A friend persuaded four of these men to face the camera, but before I got the picture they fled from the foreigner's new kind of gun, which, for all they knew, might possess wonderful powers of bewitching. Later on another group was coaxed in, and these stood the ordeal manfully, but not without a good bit of fear and trembling.

The afternoon of the second day we went down with several of these men to the ferry-boat and wished that we could go across with them. We found out that Chinese who wish to speak fairly respectfully of these hillmen call them Babu, which term may be a corruption of two Chinese words meaning "hill climbers." The Babus of West China have no affinity whatever with the Babus of Bengal. One would like to be quite sure of the origin of the word as applied to the hillmen. To this term the tribesmen make no special objection, though it is by no means a name of their own choice. Some Babu men came down to meet the boat on the other side, and as two clans have their borders near the ferry, those who came were armed, in case of attack by enemies. Clan enmity and tribal warfare are very rife. I noticed that some of the men carried very long spears, much longer than those carried by the Chinese on the south of the river.

A few were carrying wine across, in goatskins. I was told

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China. It is possible that China will entirely prohibit the exportation of such skins.

The old chief, among his other weapons, had a fine sword, with handle cased in silver and with the hilt ornamented with the same metal. At the end of the handle was a flat, round knob of silver, looking like a small Spanish grandee's hat. The sword was worth about five pounds. I noticed that the chief wore a pair of felt socks, each sock made in one piece and beautifully warm.

In the morning we all clung to the fire, and with the door shut the place was very dark. Except when the wood blazed up, it was too dark to see each other's faces across the fire. As I made my notes I could not see a single letter of what I wrote. It was not too dark, however, to find out that the constant squatting on the floor was ruination to the suit of clothes I was wearing. It did not matter a great deal, for when in Chinese territory I always wear Chinese clothes, and it was only necessary for this suit to keep together until I got back over the Yangtse again.

Our host was very anxious to kill an ox for us that morning, but as we were anxious to push on to another farmstead we begged him to let us off this time. After a lot of trouble we got our own way, and fowls were killed instead of the ox. Once more the chief pressed his idea of making the foreigner head of the four clans. So earnest was he in this that I began to feel very uncomfortable. In the abstract the idea was all right, and to a wanderer in search of adventures merely, it would be a regular godsend. Anything out of the ordinary is what one likes, and here there seemed a prospect of something very much out of the ordinary. Fancy a missionary riding at the head of a band of Black Bloods,

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574 man. The man thought the red hands were at least the hands of a demon of disease, and was very startled and frightened. That imp of a boy had a rare amount of fun out of the blood-red hand, and very possibly influenced the dreams and nightmares of some folk for a long time to come. There was for a short time quite a stirring up of the superstitious fears of men, women and children. I quite expect, however, that some of those folk got their own back again from the boy, and possibly with interest also.

574 888 While we were chatting away I asked the father of the girl with the coral beads whether he had ever been in any fights. The man smiled at the question. and possibly wondered at the simplicity of the questioner. He may have thought I was merely trying to get at him. The hill-folk say there are no old men who have not been in fights. This man had been in many, and still had the scars of some of the combats. He had fought against other Nosu clans north of the Yangtse, and he could also tell of raids into Chinese territory south of that river, where rich booty and many slaves had often rewarded the hardy raiders.

411 Most of the guns used by these people are of local manufacture, being just a long barrel of iron placed in a rough wooden stock. Hanging from the stock is a pair of iron tweezers, with the points near the touch-hole. A long piece of thin rope made from the roots of pear-trees is stuck in these tweezers, and when the gun is about to be used the pear-tree rope is ignited. The fire smoulders for a long time. Pressing this smouldering pear-tree rope against the touch-hole fires the gun. Every man carries a small bone box suspended around his neck, and in this box are a number of touches made of powder wrapped in thin paper, each touch

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being about an inch in length. These are stuck, as needed, 411
into the touch-hole, a press of the tweezers lights it, and off goes the bullet on its enigmatical mission. The people are adepts in the use of these clumsy guns, and fire them fairly quickly. The supply of bullets is often carried in the mouth. The gun is, of course, loaded by the muzzle in the old ramrod fashion. They kick with a vengeance. We were out one day on some of the hill ranges when in the distance one of our men with good eyesight spotted four yellow wolves coming in our direction. We had just lighted a fire to boil some water, 574
and were feeling very comfortable and jolly. One of our men 411
had one of these old hand-made guns, and it was resolved to 224
have a try for the wolves. Everybody lay down and took cover. The man who first spied the wolves took a small leaf, and with it made a noise like the cry of a young deer. It was done so well that the wolves were arrested at once, and immediately turned their direction towards the cry of the young deer. The man with the gun placed his gun very near the ashes of the fire, so as perfectly to dry the powder inside. By-and-by some movement or other made the wolves suspicious, and they stopped. A moment or two after they came to the conclusion that the young deer spelt danger for them and, turning again, they fled in another direction. The man with the gun tried to cut them off, and then fired. But there was no success. I then had a shot, not at the wolves but at a stone not many yards away. What came out of the muzzle of the gun hit the stone right enough, and what came away from the end of the stock hit my shoulder square enough. It was a double-firing gun of a truth. I bore the bruise on my shoulder for many days, and am not very keen on having another try with an ancient muzzle-loader.

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411 Vri-tsuh, a member of the family, was reckoned the crack shot in the whole district. So often did his bullets find their billet that the people said they could go around corners and that it was no use hiding from them. When Vri-tsuh pointed his gun at you you might just as well come and give yourself up, for there was no escape. While we were at Mao-an-tsz, one of Vri-tsuh's companions dressed up in full war dress and made some sport for us. He is said to have killed twenty people, and, of course, had a great reputation as a warrior. He was indeed wonderfully dressed. He had on a thickly quilted scarlet jacket which stones and bullets fired from the old-fashioned guns were unable to pierce. In the back of this jacket was a rent made by a dart thrown at him in one of his fights. Across his shoulders he had a double sword-belt, ornamented with polished white stones. From this was hanging a long sword, with silver handle and with silver mountings on the sheath. It was estimated as worth a hundred ounces of silver. The scarlet coat was ornamented in the centre and at the edges. On his head the warrior wore a large conical hat in white and red. Around the hat was a yellow turban, and hanging down behind, a long yellow pugaree. There were thick flaps to cover the face if necessary. From the back of the hat there also hung down a long flap with red edges, and black and white cross-bars. From the shoulders there was suspended a huge yak tail, and by the side of this some slips of ornamented Chinese silk. The yak tail must have been several pounds in weight. It was very heavy. To complete the array the warrior was in bare feet, and had a modern rifle. He drew his sword and, rushing all about, went through various exercises. He invited me to throw stones at him, and I did so. Do what I could, I failed